

Mitchell McDermott

## **Jack in the Box/Ode to a CityRail Rivet/Title Fight/The Epic Intergalactic Rap Battle in Hyperspace**

### **Performance poetry**

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#### **Jack in the Box**

Shimmering layers of  
Cultivated Colour  
Shielding six feet of  
Finest Furnished  
Cedar.

Inside  
Softened brown hair  
Parting across the forehead  
Another item in  
Moses' resume.  
A floppy mop  
Upon his crown,  
Kept for low maintenance.  
And lack of spare change.

A Chest  
Broad in Nature  
Less for strength  
More for a Phar Lapping  
Heart.

A waist similarly  
Slim and svelte  
Deceptively concealing  
A plethora of the  
Metaphoric guts.

The Hands.  
Comically large  
Great pale fans that  
Touched and  
Threw and  
Tamed and  
Talked.  
The nails still growing

For once not gnawed by  
Habitual chops.  
Folded together  
Over the navel,  
Guarding a sealed  
Orifice that must retain  
The last meal of  
Kebab.  
And brake fluid.

Legs that once  
Leapt dirt shoulders  
Straddled streams and  
Plundered the pedals that  
Would abruptly put an  
Absence to presence.  
Dangling off them  
Ten toes  
Teetering on the  
Igneous  
Brink.

All this is lined with a  
Red velvet cocoon to  
Match the strings of  
Vermilion that once  
Strolled from the  
Handsome form.  
Now the softest  
Barrier between

Six feet of hard earth  
    And  
A Beautiful Statistic  
  
This is Jack.  
  
In his Last Box.

# Ode to a CityRail Rivet

Dead.

Pans and pots stoned stare ahead

Travelling on half fare

Concessions to the round rolling twisting tolling

Free form folding but it's just not funny

To the white gloss gleam gleaning globules

Of similar environment

Loathing life less love

Speeding without movement

Screaming without sound

Hurling toward a crushing diminuendo

Repressed animal frame not tame

Sitting smiling lying compiling party make out CD

Upon rampart hard earth casing calibre

Retrieved smoking from her greyscale floor

Above lights above law below ground white lines

dark confines skulking in shadows

Mills and Boon sit atop their printing prefecture

Plotting pointless passion amid pangs

For Pounds, Euros, Greenbacks.

Silverbacks

Ruling literary jungle with leathery hide and

Phosphoric fur munching roughage

With a citric zest.

sexytarries

sexy stockings

sexyisms

hot Pink

hot Babes

hot Morals

Burnt.

Cindered in an urban melting pot.

Along with my satin spats

Spray on cool clothes home made in China

By four year old subsisting sweat slave.

No dice.

Tick.

Do it. Shoe it. Move it. Use it.

Shove it. Bag it. Beat it. Kill it. Eat it.

Love it. Laugh it. Live it. Long it.

Seize the day like an epileptic at a rock concert.

## **Title Fight**

Ladies and Gentlemen,  
In the blue corner,  
Weighing in at a half a billion pounds  
Of pure pious prophetic muscle...  
The Old Guard  
The Establishment  
RELIGION!!!  
(crowd goes nuts)

And in the red corner  
The raw rookie clawing to the top  
Facing one last stumbling block tonight  
The Correct  
The Increasingly Trusted  
SCIENCE!!!  
(crowd goes just as wild)

To referee tonight's match  
Reinstated despite complaints  
Over its neutrality  
I present  
The omniscient  
The omnipotent  
The omnipresent  
THE MEDIA!!!  
(Crowd boos)

The fight is on  
Now. Right Now  
And it wants you  
Now recruiting  
For shooting  
For looting  
Putin is not the enemy  
Russia has been mollified  
Sodomised  
Capitalised  
INSTEAD  
In the ring against you  
Are those who want to hurt you  
They'll steal your soul  
Eat you whole

The black bowl of souls  
Shod with shoes of steely steadfastness  
Trampling a sad holy man in the  
Mosque/Church/Temple/Tabernacle  
But wait!

Hold back

Not yet

Power down your phaser  
Unload your rifle  
Stifle your anger for just a tick  
We can wait.  
They'll start tearing each other up.  
Just watch.

Because weapons of war may be scientific  
But their causes are so often religiorific  
Sunnis Shiites Protestants Catholics  
Hindus Puritans Jews Palestinians  
Crusade Jihad  
Holy Land  
Holy Grail

10 Commandments

8 Arms

7 Valleys

4 Books

1 God

And

6,000,000,000 people who all know they're right.

## **The Epic Intergalactic Rap Battle in Hyperspace**

Yo Mr Alien listen up chump  
I'm gonna take a swing and smack yo' rump  
You've been a very naughty boy  
Very naughty indeed  
Shooting up stars on yo' galactic steed  
You know whacha are man? You know whacha are?  
Yo' a terrorist man is exactly whacha are  
And because of that  
I'm afraid  
I've gotta take you down with my justice blade.

**Please Mr Human you don't understand  
I'm simply looking for my promised land  
Where I can be free and where I can see  
Some security  
For my family  
Where there's no human be-ings  
Trying to gee things  
Up  
And up  
And up and up and up  
And up in the stars so far away  
My species is fighting so we can stay  
ALIVE! Boy  
Oh don't you see  
We are in fact as peaceful as can be**

Well that's a very nice story Mr Alien  
But you can tell it to Satan when  
Your soul is burning in cleansing hell flame  
Cos living in sin – well that's insane  
So can you feel the fire of my burning sword?  
And can you hear the trumpets blasting out your chord?  
Can you taste the sweet touch of vengeance on your lips?  
Can smell your black blood dying as it drips?  
It's up to me that you and your kind  
Remain oppressed and stay outside

**Look Mr Human I told you once  
Us aliens are really quite peaceful bunch  
We like to smell the roses  
Cradle the babies**

**And maybe lay some loving on those lovely ladies  
True emancipation is a soul set free  
To float through the dark of our galaxy  
So come my brothers don't you play at war**

**Take my hand, together we can soar  
On the solar winds and watch the solar flares  
Beneath polar lights sitting on the stairs  
Beneath the milky way on this glorious night  
So won't you come with me and let us take flight**

Aliens aliens all the same  
Trying to suck me in with your little games  
As pretty as your pearly little rhetoric is  
It doesn't fool me see I'm the shizz  
You're gonna rape our women  
Eat our babies  
All the while pretending to be contemplative  
You don't wanna lead us go shooting through space  
But engineer the destruction of our race  
Say what's over there?  
Yes, that behind you – AAARGH  
No don't you turn your back to  
A man with a weapon and destruction on his mind  
Now to see how many of your friends I can find

**Fine Mr Human you leave me no choice  
The time has now come for me  
To raise my voice  
My brothers! My sisters!  
A call to arms!  
It's now our turn to return the harm  
The war we wage will be of self defence  
We will not take revenge or seek recompense  
Mr Human I'm afraid that in your hate  
You've failed to realise that I regenerate  
Your anger and your ignorance make me sad  
But your reckless violence just makes me mad  
This is the moment  
The battle's engaged  
The lines are drawn  
And we're good to invade**

I want none alive  
I want none to survive  
Clean out the nest  
And bomb the hive

**Force them back**  
**Fend off the attack**  
**And when they retire**  
**Hit em with the crack**

TROOPS!  
Form up  
Stand to  
Salute  
We're gonna bomb shell stab cut thrust kill shoot

**With our guns and our swords and our knives and our planes**  
**Destroy deploy to kill and maim...**